

P. O. angl.

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Ramsay

Ramsay died 1758 aged 72

T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A

Scots PASTORAL COMEDY,

Written by ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for G. HAMILTON & J. BALFOUR.

M,DCC,LV.

GEORGE S. SHEPHERD.



SCOTT'S PASTORAL COMEDY.

WILKINS & ALFRED K. BAKER.



EDWARD B. BROWN.

Printed by G. H. Brown & Co. Boston.
MASS.

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

S U S A N N A H

C O U N T E S S O F

E G L I N T O N.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the poets to finish their designs with chearfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen, and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to choose some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my pastoral under your ladyship's protection: if my patroness says, the shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretended judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the COUNTESS OF EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse, to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were

Were I to begin with your ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of the herauld and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered: but your ladyship justly claims our admiration, and profoundest respect; for whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries a four-plum of better sense than good-nature; but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?——Very true: but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, *to speak what every body thinks*. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflexion, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.——I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I should prove so happy as to please your ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.*

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

Edinburgh, June,

1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
COUNTESS of EGLINTON,

With the following

PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O *EGLINTON*! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy duteous POET pays.
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest to *Scotia*'s blisful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray:
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with HER repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve,
The GENTLE SHEPHERD's tender tale of love.

Learn from these scenes, what warm and glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires.
Delighted, read of ardors, sighs and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair one does her hate relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In CHARLOT's smile, or in MARIA's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
E're yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.

His

His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art;
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart;
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
 Secure alike from envy, and from care,
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet deprest by fear;
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches vex it with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys;
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys;
 Blest still to spend the hours that heaven has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content;
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
 The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat.
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race;
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She uninvited came a welcome guest;
 E're yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Brib'd from their innocence, incautious hearts,
 Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed,
 Then dowerless beauty lost the power to move;
 The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
 Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
 The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,
 And semblant falshood puts on truth's disguise.

The

The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms;
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *Happiness*! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
 Nun, sober and devout! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah, why unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy fire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou, a duteous handmaid, wait,
 Familiar, at the chambers of the great?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
 On the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or with the industrious planter dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd power,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 The statesman's wisdom, or the fair one's charms?

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know.
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
 But many passions must the blessing cost:
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state.

Revenge

Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,
 Can peace reside in dwelling so accurs'd ;
 Unlike, O EGLINTON ! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest ;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind :
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
 How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame !
 Bold in thy presence bashful *Sense* appears,
 And backward *Merit* loses all its fears.

Supremely blest by heaven, heaven's richest grace
 Concest is thine, an early blooming race,
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
 Divine instruction ! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart !
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
 And sighing youth imploring to be blest,
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
 Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native POET's strains.
 In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
 The garb our muses wore in former years.
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 And virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;
 While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
 Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given,
 Let this, O EGLINTON ! delight thee most,
 T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

THE

T H E GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

THE PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

Symon and Glaud, *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*

Bauldy, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

Maufe, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's Wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's Sister.*

S C E N E, *a Shepherd's Village and Field, some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, within twenty Hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

*Beneath the South-side of a craigy bield,
Where christal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans ly,
Tenting their flocks ae bony morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

B

PATIE

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The wawking of the faulds.*

PATIE. **M**Y Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay:

My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld;
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare:
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown:
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naithing gies me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae softly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:
 My Peggy sings sae softly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

PATIE.

PATIE.

THIS funny morning, *Roger*, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising plants !
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants !
How halefom 'tis to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care !
What ails thee, *Roger*, then ? What gars thee grane ?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart fate !
I'm born to strive with hardships, sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood ;
But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the
hive,

The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
E're scornful queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say ; but its no easy done
By ane whase faul is sadly out of tune.
You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought :
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye,
For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear ?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nolt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were ; yet I these ills endur'd :

12 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wedders perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less wad you lose, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;
Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry, Dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I fald them ilka clute
At the *West-Port*, and bought a winsom flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry, Dool!
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Pat. Now to a friend how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens.
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-seen love and dorty *Jenny's* pride.
Take courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Rog. Indeed now *Patie*, you have guess'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate:
But yesterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She *Bauldy* looes, *Bauldy* that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat.

Pat. But *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat,
He fights for *Neps*,——sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na loo her,——but in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My *Bawty* is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, she strack the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn;
Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn gabbit chuck?
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave off that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my las I love as weel
As ye do *Jenny*, and with heart as leel:
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about,
I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the lee,
I saw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* sa na me:
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whyter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.

Neat,

14 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny *Meg*, come here ;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer :
 But I can guess, y're gawn to gather dew :
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you ?
 Then fare ye weel *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back ;
 Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she ; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist ;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came loup'ing to my lips.
 Sair, 'fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack ;
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb :
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood,
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune*, Ey gar rub her o'er with strae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight :
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse :—then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their e'en :*

*If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Rog. Kind *Patie*, now fair-fa your honest heart.
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane: for now, as clean's a leek,
Y've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her faul! she made it fine)
A tartain plaid, spun of good haslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
With spraings like gowd, and filler cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back:
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Weel, hald ye there,—and since ye've frankly
made

To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and she too that's fae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserve't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right;
Be that time bannocks and a shave of cheese,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wise
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this Well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flowrie bowm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths;
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel peebles shining smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peg. Go farer up the burn to *Habie's How*,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs;
Kisses with easy whirles the bordering grafs;
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourfells—'Tis healthfu' now in *May*,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us fae? That jeering fellow *Pate*
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight,
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, (we're our lane)
What gars you plague your wooer with disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* looes ye, yet ye care na by.

What

What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e're ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaimes his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon knots at his blue bonnet-lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*——or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow could:
What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?
Like dawted wean that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy, *Jenny*, think and dinna sit your time.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the green.*

*The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow could;
But nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.
They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by itself abus'd
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

18 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Jen. If *Roger* is my *Jo*, he kens himsel,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can tell the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws.
When'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slavery like, and may be free;
The chieles may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

Jen. Heh las! how can you loo that rattle-skull?
A very deel that ay maun hae his will.
Wee'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, sae soon's y're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor have I any fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my *Patie's* breast I'll lean my head.
There he may kiss as lang as kissing's good.
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: Why no. 'Tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco' fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlikhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SAN G IV. *Tune*, O dear mother, what shall I do?

O dear *Peggy*, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust to smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you.

Lasses,

*Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd:
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peg. Sic course spun thoughts as thae want pith to
My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love. [move
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread no other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green,
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like musick throw my heart;
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is——but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs, compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Il-nature heffs in fauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. Tune, How can I be sad on my wedding-day!
*How shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools?
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Jen. Hey, bonny lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
Your witty *Pate* will put you in a sang.
O! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,
Yelping

Yelping for this or that with fasheous din :
 To mak them brats then you maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe ;
 The Deel gaes o'er *Jock Webster* ; hame grows hell,
 When *Pate* miscaws you war than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm fae happy, I shall ha'e delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow, *Jenny* ! can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee,
 When a' they ettle at——their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs ?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight ?

Jen. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a'
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw.
 But little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die——the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay——
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your weathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvor buys your butter, woo and cheese,
 But or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent :
 'Tis not to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.
 His honour manna want ; he poinds your gear ;
 Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear *Meg*, be wise, and lead a single life :
 Troth its nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that filly She,
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's requir'd ; let heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For

For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, tron or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sold, to pay the Laird his due :
 Syne a' behind's our ain ; ——— thus without fear,
 With love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer :
 And when my *Pate* in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Should gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

Peg. Nae mair of that — Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them with solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile :
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerful, and secure his heart.
 At ev'n when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane :
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to tak aff :
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peg.

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Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest. }
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single, (a state so lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm frae ev'ry airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nanfy's to the green wood gane.*
I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flies frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heartstrings leads us.

Peg. Alake! poor pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* man.

Jen. Anither time's as good—for see, the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith—if canker'd *Madge* our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*

A. C. T.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack-house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byar,
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural squair.
The house is Glaud's—there you may see him lean,
And to his divet-seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. GOOD MORROW, nibour Symon.—come
fit down,

And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And fald your *Crummock*, and her bassen'd quey:
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut-and-dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my heart—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart with joy.
I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw—Ah *Symmie*! rattling chiels ne'er
stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near;
But loose your pock, be't true or faulse, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been,
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fou weel he bravely chose
To shine, or set in glory with *Montroje*.
Now *Cromwel*'s gane to *Nick*; and ane, ca'd *Monk*,
Has play'd the *Rumple* a right flee begunk,

Restor'd

Restor'd King CHARLES; and ilka thing's in tune:
And *Habby* says we'll see Sir *William* soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'.
And saw ye *Hab*? and what did *Halbert* say!
They have been e'en a dreary time away.

Now God be thanked that our Laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his ain. }

SANG VII. *Tune, Cald kale in Aberdeen.*

*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“Put on your bonnet, *Symon*—tak a feat——

“How's all at hame?——How's *Elspa*? How does
Kate?

“How w fells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?—
And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

SANG VIII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byar.*

*The Laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty:*

*Else like the pack horse that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glassies clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd—Dear nibour will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day.
We'll send for *Elspith* too—and upo' sight
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown.
And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wad na bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it had na first of a' been mine :
For here yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut ;
Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime and fat ;
A furlet of good cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
And a large ham hangs reesting in the nook.
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton-book to boil ;—and ane we'll roast ;
And on the haggies *Elspa* spares na cost ;
Small are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
The gusty ingans with a curn of spice.
Fat are the puddings——heads and feet weel sung :
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health, and welcome hame.
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring wi'ye all your family, and then,
When e'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yoursel, auld-birky ; never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear :

Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I——Troth, I'm younger by a score
 With this good news than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome
 here:

What wad ye *Glaud*, wi' a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff! Gae break your wheel, and burn
 your tow,

And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low;
 Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!--and wha was't tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—gae get my *Sunday's* coat;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,
 My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
 Then frae the washing cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak yourself as trig, head, feet, and waist,
 As ye were a' to get young lads e'er e'en;
 For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest *Madge*; and *Glaud*, I'll o'er the gate,
 And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field,——a cottage in a glen.
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end,——
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms, and haff rais'd looks ye see.

BAULDY *his lane.*

Bauld. What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than
 hell,
 To be sae burnt with love, yet dar na tell?

O *PEGGY*! sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-maun hay,
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
 Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
 Her e'en the clearest blob of dew outshines;
 The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen?
 For *Pate* looes her!—waes me! and she looes *Pate*;
 And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a beast,
 That makes rash aiths, till he's afore the priest.
 I dare na speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To brake with ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here *Mausy* lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantrips, and gie me advice.
 She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks uncristen'd weans out of their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till *Plotcock* comes with lumps of *Lapland* clay,
 Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes.
 Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire
 With flaw and racking pains afore a fire:
 Stuck fou of prines, the devilish pictures melt;
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith, amaisl I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive:
 They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive. [Exit.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green kail-yard, a little font,
Where water popland springs,
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle an the king come.*

MAUSE. *Peggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come :
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Bauld. How does auld honest Lucky of the glen ?
Ye look baith hail and fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn !
Is there nae muck to lead ?—to thresh nae corn ?

Bauld. Enough of baith—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake ! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow ?

Bauld. Ah, but your wife, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posses't,
That lifts my character aboon the rest ?

Bauld. The word that gangs, how y're fae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill, gif I sou'd tell.

Mause. What fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear ;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Bauld.

Bauld. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
 That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
 When last the wind made *Glaud* a roofless barn,
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
 When *Brawny* elfshot never mair came hame;
 When *Tibby* kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
 When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-cheeked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
 When *Wattie* wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsel amang the snaw;
 When *Mungo's* mare stood still, and swat with fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the green;
 And *Sara* tint a snood was nae mair seen;
 You, *Lucky*, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads you round about:
 And fae they may that mean to do ye skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please
 You with a furlet of them, mixt with pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, lad—Now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauld. Then I like *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of me—
Peggy likes *Pate*——and *Patie's* bauld and flee,
 And looes sweet *Meg*——But *Neps* I downa see——
 Could ye turn *Patie's* love to *Neps*, and than
Peggy's to me,——I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
 Sae gang your ways, and come again at night.
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth a' your pease and grots, take ye nae care.

Bauld. We'll, *Maufe*, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
 But if you raise the deel, he'll raise the wind;
 Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
 We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a feast,
 O will ye come like badrans for a jest;
 And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe.

Mause. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's past,
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauld. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka night to *France*. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause [*her lane.*] Hard luck alake! when poverty
 and eild,

Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,
 With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
 Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch*.
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact with *Auld Nick*,
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common thought.
 Their grofs mistake shall quickly now appear;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Now since the royal *Charles*, and right's restor'd,
 A Shepherdess is daughter to a Lord.
 The bonny Foundling that's brought up by *Glaud*,
 Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
 Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
 Bow'd to th' Usurper, and her death design'd,
 To establish him and his in all these plains,
 That by right heritage to her pertains.
 She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
 Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.
 None knows't but me;—and if the morn were come,
 I'll tell them tales will gar them all sing dumb.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass, and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're our lane,
And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds fough throw the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy
breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier.

Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear.

Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,

That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.

With thee I tent na flowers that busk the field,

Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.

The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,

Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

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I darna stay——ye joker, let me gang,
Anither lafs may gar you change your fang,
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a nother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap.
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gait to climb,——the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall do thee wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith—but mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was daunted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year,
I mind it weel, when thou cou'd'st hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang,
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the *Tansy-know*, or *Rashy-strand*.
Thou smiling by my side,——I took delyte
To pou the rashies green with roots fae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at even I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e're troubled me,
Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain;
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

Pat. *Jenny* sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
And *Rosie* lilt the *Milking of the Ews*;

There's

There's nane, like *Nansy*, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
 At turns in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion* dings :
 But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter skill,
 The *Boatman* or the *Lass of Patie's mill*,
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me,
 Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire,
 And roos'd by them we love, blaws up the fire ;
 But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
 Be constant, and my love shall time defy,
 Be still as now, and a' my cares shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at the
 acting as follows.*

SANG X. Tune, The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

PEGGY.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the green bill
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.*

PATIE.

*When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, brier or breckens, gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
 Thy ilka sport manly, gave pleasure to me ;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-Broom-knows,
 And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the ews,
 There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,
 At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring :*

E

But

34 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lads of the mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses throw what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

*Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave.
At naught they'll ferly,——senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly heights, for trifles grieve——
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.*

*Peg. Agreed—But harken, yon's auld Aunty's cry ;
I ken, they'll wonder what can make us stay.*

*Pat. And let them ferly—Now a kindly kifs,
Or fivescore good anes wad na be a-mifs ;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunfu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.*

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire—

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

SANG XI. To its own tune.

PATIE.

*By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny!*

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

*But ken ye lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done.
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked, ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.*

PEGGY, (singing, falls into Patie's arms.)

*Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.*

PATIE, (with his left-hand about her waist.)

*O charming armfu'! hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day.
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lass your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day;
And if you're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

End of the second Act.

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with time.
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
But whisht, it is the Knight in masquerade,
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM *solus.*

THE Gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes,
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates faln from their bands,
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft,
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls.
My gardens once adorn'd, the most compleat,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet,
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks,
But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
No Jaccacincths or Eglintines appear.
How do these ample walks to ruin yield,
Where Peach and Nect'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!

All

All round in gapes, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd ;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair.
 Him, e're the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth;
 Hid from himself he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime !

Or sung as follows, SANG XII. Happy clown.

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn,
 He starts as fresh as roses blown,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks,
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day,
 Untaught to smile and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisie,
 Where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unsully'd with a crime ;
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.*

Now

38 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Now tow'rds good *Symon's* house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis *Symon's* house, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear peat-ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young ourselfs—I like to see
The bairns bob round with other merrilie.
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie's* grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bad.
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith,
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll fay't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with *Peggy's* beauty tane,
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken: a bonyer needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym.

Sym. Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools myfell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have! There's nane I'm
fure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind;
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey-cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days, likely ye shall learn,
That our denial does na flight your bairn.

Glaud. Well nae mair o't—come gie's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

(*Their healths gae round.*)

Sym. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*—by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a Foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran *Madge*, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is gray, and lang and grey his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

[Exit Jenny.

But

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spaemen!—The truth of a' their saws I
doubt,

For greater liars never ran thereout.

[Returns Jenny, bringing Sir William;
with them Patie.]

Sym. You're welcome, honest Carle—here tak a seat.

Sir Wil. I give ye thanks, Goodman, I'll be no blate.

Glaud. (*drinks*) Come, t'ye friend—how far came
ye the day?

Sir Wil. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way.
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gie.

Sir Wil. That's kind unfought.—Well, gin ye
have a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. [*Pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad, alake! I
hae na mae,
Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

Sir Wil. Young man, let's see your hand.—What
gars you sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point;—but, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Betooch us-to!—and well a wat that's true;
Awa', awa'! the Deel's o'er grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir Wil. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a bra' rich Laird.

Elspa. A Laird!—hear ye Goodman!—what think
ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken! strange auld man, what art thou!
Fair

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come turn the timber to Laird *Patie's* health.

[*Patie's health gae's round.*]

Pat. A Laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate,——and like to be,
Sae cunning Carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht *Patie*; let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or posselt
With some nae good,——or second-fight at least.
Where is he now? —————

Glaud. ————— He's seeing a' that's done,
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-fighted fowks, His peace be here!
See things far off, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.——Wow can he tell,
(Speer at him foon as he comes to himsell)
How foon we'll see Sir *William*? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better.—*Elspa*, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tafs of *Uisquebae*.

Sir William starts up and speaks.

- “ A Knight that for a LYON fought
- “ Against a herd of Bears,
- “ Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
- “ In which some thousands shares:
- “ But now again the LYON rares,
- “ And joy spreads o'er the plain,
- “ The LYON has defeat the Bears,
- “ The Knight returns again.
- “ That Knight in a few days will bring
- “ A Shepherd frae the fauld,
- “ And shall present him to his King,
- “ A subject true and bauld.

“ He Mr. *Patrick* shall be call’d :—

“ All you that hear me now,

“ May well believe what I have tald,

“ For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel :
But, faith, I’m redd you’ve bargain’d with the Deel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep ;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

Sir Wil. Howe’er I get them, never fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward :
But I’ll lay ten to ane wi’ ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men,
They’re here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpld meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will make a noise o’er muir and dale.

Glaud. ’Tis nae sma’ sport to see how *Sym.* believes,
And takes for gospel what the spaeman gives,
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate* :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht, doubtfu’ Carl, for e’re the fun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be’t sae, friend ; I shall say naithing mair ;
But I have twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,
Plump—ripe for men : I wish you could foresee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair thro’ secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent,
I have but aens a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. *Elspa*, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care,
I’d rather enjoy this evening, calm and fair,
Around yon ruin’d tow’r, to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym.

Sym. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire,—
And *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play;
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And throw his Lassie's breast.
Behind a bush well hid frae sight they meet,
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet,
Poor Shepherd!*

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. Dear *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I green,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.
Ah! could I loe you less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest Lad, but what I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen. I love my father, Cusin *Meg* I love,
But to this day nae man my heart could move;
Except

Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me,
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear *Jenny*——say na that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon foryet.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delyte in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa',
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies:
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile,
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night;
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase and join the ocean, without stain:
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain;
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company,

And

And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
With wondering love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and stars away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O *Jenny*! let my arms about thee twine,
And briss thy bonny breast and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows:
S A N G XIII. *Tune, Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has long, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
Is Jenny then sae kind!——
O! let me briss thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought; we'll never part,
Come press thy mouth to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my faster heart gives way,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;

There

46 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

Jen. Well, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent,——he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye have what will commend you to him weel,
Auld fowks like them that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Bogie.*

*Well, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
Next to my father gae ;
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay :
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.
Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree :
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.*

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As many newcal in my byars rowt ;
Five packs of woo' I can at Lammass sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house, and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gives joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee :
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the famen skair.
My love and all is your's ; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

Jen.

Jen. I'll do my best—but see wha comes this way,
Patie and *Meg*—besides I maunna stay;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool.
 Keep tryft, and meet me there, there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our love—there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
 Within the gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the Baron shown his face;
 But joking with his Shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this house, so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending generous aid,
 To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail*
 Against the laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our Master's name,
 Wha fills us a' with joy, now he's come hame.

*[Sir William draps his masked beard,
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome Knight with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.]*

My Master! my dear Master!—do I breathe!
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenant's fight,
 To bless his SON, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir Wil. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my arms enjoy
 A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:

I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
 Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
 Was the first lock ;—neist my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty——Since, without estate,
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate,

Sir Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
 Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends,—which gives their fauls a cast,
 And turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true,
 For there's Laird *Kytie's* son, that's loo'd by few ;
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,
 And left his heir nought but a gentle name :
 He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
 As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace,
 Oppressing all, as punishment of their sin,
 That are within his tenth degree of kin :
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
 To his ain family, as to give him trust.

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a commonwealth
 Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health.
 Unworthy bare reflexion.——*Symon*, run
 O'er all your observations on my son :
 A parent's fondness easily finds excuse ;
 But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest summerday
 Wad be o'er short,——cou'd I them right display.
 In word and deed he can sae well behave,
 That out of sight he runs before the lave :
 And when there's e're a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell wha's cause is best ;
 And his decree stands good ;——he'll gar it stand ;
 Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
 With a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir

Sir *Wil.* Your tale much pleases—my good friend,
proceed :

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder well ; for troth I did na spare
To gie him at the school enough of lair :

And he delytes in books :——he reads and speaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir *Wil.* Where gets he books to read ? And of what
kind ?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to *Edinburgh* port,
He buys some books of history, fangs or sport ;
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.

About ane *Shakespear*, and a famous *Ben*,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Stirling* sing,

And ane ca'd *Cowley*, loyal to his king,

He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a frase,
About fine poems, histories and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,——a book he brings,

With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir *Wil.* He answer'd well, and much ye glad mine
ear,

When such accounts I of my Shepherd hear :

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind

Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ?

When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,

Till a the rest sleep round as well's our fell ?

Sir *Wil.* Well jested, *Symon*,——but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves

Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves,

Has no young lassie, with inviting mien,

And rosie cheek, the wonder of the green,

Engag'd his look, or caught his youthful heart ?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest part,
 Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 With *Glaud's* fair Niece than I thought right or meet;
 I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
 Since like yourself your son will soon appear,
 A Gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,
 May bless the fairest, best born Lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must' end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
 None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 They come just at the time I gave command:
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[*Exit Symon.*]

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When th' event of hopes successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
 A thousand toils are lost in *Lethe's* stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream:
 When wish't for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,
 I must in haste my *Patrick* soon remove
 To courts and camps, that may his soul improve:

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine,
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG

SANG XV. *Tune, Wat ye wha I met the yestreen?*

*Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle Shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it skine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset.—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.*

Mause. OUR Laird's come hame! and owns young
Pate his heir!

That's news indeed! —————

Madge. ————— As true as ye stand there:
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco' look,
While frae his pouch he whirl'd forth a book;
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een,
Then paukily pretended he could spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

Mause. Then sure the lassies, and ilk gaping cooff,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee Tod Laurie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer-days slides backward in a pool.

In short he did for *Pate* bra' things foretell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell:
 At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pou'd aff his beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
 His welcome master,—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for,—happy lad is he!
Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me;
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon,
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.
 Our *Meg*, poor thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

Mause. It may be sae, wha kens? and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;
 Even kings hae tane a queen out of the plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak root bot tocher-good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:
 Sic fashions in King *BRUCE*'s days might be;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain,
 Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,
 Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain.

Madge. He get her! flaverin doof! it sets him well
 To yoke a plough where *Patrick* thought to till!
 Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young master see——

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
 And so wad I: But whisht! here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

*Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't,
 Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good,
 For my tocher-good I winna marry thee:
 E'ens ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.*

Madge. Well liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[Sings

[Sings again.]

*I hae gowd and gear, I have land enough,
I have seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byar,
A peat-stack 'fore the door, we'll mak a rantin fire;
We'll mak a rantin fire, and merry we sall be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell:
Y're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free:
Y're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow fae,—lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

Mause. Well *Bauldy*, how gaes a'?——

Bauld. ———Faith unco right;

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Bauld. To find out that is na difficult task.

Poor bonny *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair

On *Pate*, turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William's* heir.

Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause*, stand be,

While *Meg's* in dumps, put in a word for me;

I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove,

Lefs wilful, and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time your heart to her was sworn.

Fy, *Bauldy*, blush, and vows of love regard;

What other lasses will trow a mansworn herd?

The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty of sic finfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate,

Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

Bauld. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;
Ye leed, auld *Roude*s,——and in faith had best

Eat

Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand
With a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabit brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauld. I tak ye witness, *Maufe*, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn,——I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye'er witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—— [*Flies to his Hair like a Fury.*——

A stout Battle.——*Maufe endeavours to rid them.*]

Maufe. Let gang your grips! Fy *Madge*! how't

Bauldy, leen,

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,

'Tis fae daft-like.——

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches with a bleeding Nose.*]

Madge. ——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ethercap like him to blaw the coal.

It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,

To cast up whether I be auld or young;

They're aulder yet than I have married been,

And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true, and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauld. My lugs, my nose, my noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld Roudes! Filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt no;—ye'll e'en be friends with honest

Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands, this maun nae farder gae:

Ye maun forgie 'im, I see the lad looks wae.

Bauld. In troth now *Maufe*, I have at *Madge* nae spite,
But she abusing first was a' the wyte

Of what has happened, and should therefore crave

My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.

Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,

Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.

Vow

Vow and lowp back!—Was e're the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him deil! he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bauld. [*Running off*] His presence be about us!
Curst were he

That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

Exit Bauldy.

Madge. [*Laughing.*] I think I have towzled his harri-
gals a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve

A lassie fae he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye town'd him tightly.—I commend ye for't;
His blöoding snout ga'e me nae little sport:

For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,

And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,

He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand

To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch!—how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
mine,

Obliges folk resentment to decline,

Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we

With cunning can the lack of pith supply:

Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,

Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark;

I'm sure he'll keep his tryft; and I came here

To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll have, as I protest;

Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.

A linen sheet wond round me, like ane dead,

I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.

We'll fleg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang

A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go, for see, 'tis hard on night.

The westlin cloud shines red with setting light.

Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The GENTLE SHEPHERD, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and take farewell.*

Rog. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart loops
light.

O Mr. Patrick! ay your thoughts were right.
Sure gentle folk are farer seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.
My *Jenny* now, wha brake my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I ki's'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't:—But O! my change this
day,

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail.
That speechless lang my late 'kend fire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd,
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.

But

But he has heard,—too faithful *Symon's* fear
Has brought my love for *Peggy* to his ear,
Which he forbids,—ah! this confounds my peace,
While, thus to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand,
But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Pat. Duty and haften reason plead his cause;
But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
Still in my heart my Shepherdess excells,
And part of my new happiness repells.

Or sung as follows, SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be,*

Duty and part of reason

Plead strong on the parent's side,

Which love superior calls treason;

The strongest must be obey'd:

For now tho' I'm one o' the gentry,

My constancy falsehood repells;

For change in my heart is no entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excells.

Rog. Enjoy them baith,—Sir *William* will be won;
Your *Peggy's* bonny——your his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our Master and yourself to stay
Amang us here?—Or are ye gawn away
To *London* court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor *Us* with broken hearts?

Pat. To *Edinburgh* straight to-morrow we advance,
To *London* neist, and afterwards to *France*,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three other monkey tricks:—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,

58 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They who have just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fash'es folk to keep ———*

Good Mr. *Patrick*, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's
the same,

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

CONTENT's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae boon the Lift. ——— Without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scanty on the bent:

Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeyfant servants, honour, wealth and ease;
Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

Pat. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss:
The passions rule the roast; ——— and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side,
The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowks o'erlaid with ease:
While o'er the muir the shepherd with less cair,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

Rog. Lord man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy;
Faith, I've hae books, tho' I should sell my ky:

But

But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir *William's* will, and *Peggy's* love.

Pat. Then here it lies,—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for *Peggy*; yonder comes my Dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. [Exit Roger.

Pat. [*solus.*] With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast faul will sink
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment—Heaven support my Fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red.—————

Enter PEGGY.

————— My *Peggy*, why in tears?
Smile as you wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost,
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: Come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey,
Sir *William's* generous; leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.

New

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That with nice air swims round in silk attire;
 Then I! poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my heartsome *Pate*:
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envied by the ratling gang,
 When *Patie* kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
 And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,
 As aftimes I have fled frae thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
 Nae mair around the *Foggy Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow,—'twill help to give me ease:
 May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Or sung as follows, SANG XVII. *Waes my heart
 that we should sunder.*

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder,
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A Lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
 No more the Shepherd, who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

Again,

*Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the Know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure Heaven approves,—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee :
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this life ;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithful love.
 If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as hae the patience to be kings.

Wherefore that tear ? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy to hear thy words fae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life but little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away till thou with joy appear,
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To make me fitter for my Traveller's arms.
 I'll gain on Uncle *Glaud* ; he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn——

Or

Or sung as follows, SANG XVIII. *Tweedside.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.
Where-e'er my Love travels by day,
Where ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.
With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou was a Shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.
For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.*

*Pat. ————— That's wisely said,
And what your Uncle wares shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, left in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend,
Affect oft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
say,
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.*

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still;—but I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
My Lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir *William's* cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my Love;
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the *Sucklar-Brae*,
Where aft we wont, when bairns to run and play;
And to the *Hassel-Shaw*, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows, SANG XIX. *Busb aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
Ill ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the Birken-Bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and bid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.*

There

*There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My Dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kifs, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease:
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime;
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor BAULDY stares like ane posselt,
And roars up SYMON frae his kindly rest:
Bare-legg'd, with night cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye Bauldy, at this silent hour,
When drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its
pow'r?

Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauld. O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy,—Legs with shaking fail;
I'll

I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane,
Alake! I'll never be my fell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*, O *Symon*, O!

[*Symon gives him a Drink.*]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk!—to make sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his bed,
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd; I hear his tread.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How goes the night? Does day-light yet
appear?

Symon, you're very timeously after.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has *Bauldy's* sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghast. }

Bauld. O ay!—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Will. [*Smiling.*] I lang to hear't—

Bauld. ———A! Sir, the Witch ca'd *Mause*,
That wins aboon the hill, amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart *Lassie's* heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst Hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a Ghast, or Deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk.
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the Witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school,
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, haf dead with anger, fear and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gie the Deel his due.

I

I'm

I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar barrel *Mause* be burnt.

Sir Will. Well *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall granted be,
Let *Mause* be brought this morning down to me.

Bauld. Thanks to your Honour; soon shall I obey;
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantrips that bring up the Deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*

Sir Will. Troth, *Symon*, *Bauldy's* more afraid than hurt;
The Witch and Ghast have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is, thro' want of education, blind!

Sym. But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing
As witches raising deels up thro' a ring,
Syne playing tricks? A thousand I could tell,
Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few auld women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp,
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a Sow;
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-board, chairs and stools:
Whate'ers in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life.
That gars me think this hobleshaw that's past,
Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

Sir

Sir *Will.* I'm sure it will,—but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night:
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G XX. *Bony grey-ey'd Morn.*
*The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty bynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day:
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*
[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*While PEGGY laces up her bosom fair
With a blew snood, JENNY binds up her hair;
GLAUD by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek,
A pipe his mouth, the Lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not use sae soon to see the light;

Nae

Nae doubt ye now intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of *Patrick*, or he gang:
But do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor,
But yesterday he gae us mony a tag,
And kifs'd my Cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft Lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare:
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us think shame to name.
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never flap
To brag how aften they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith flush'd
Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peg. Sir *William's* virtuous, and of gentle blood,
And may not *Patrick* too like him be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner fawn; they're sae puffed up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard my fell
Some of them laugh at dooms-day, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a dooms-day, doubts a God.

Glaud.
I'll be a good father to you, and I'll be a good
father to you, and I'll be a good father to you.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch, and drink.

But i'm no saying this, as if I thought

That *Patrick* to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid!—na, he kens better things :
But here comes Aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate

'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At *Symon's* house, the Knight sits judge himsel.

Glaud. Lend me my staff.—*Madge* lock the outer door,
And bring the Lasses wi' ye, I'll step before.

[*Exit Glaud.*

Madge. Poor *Meg*!—Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er
seen,

How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?

This day her brankan Wooer takes his horse,

To strut a gentle spark at *Edinburgh* cross;

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,

For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane:

To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,

For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;

To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,

To rustle 'mang the Beauties clad in filk,

But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the shepherds stay,

And take what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear Aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
scorn?

That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the daughter of some Laird had been,

I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the green.

Now, since he rises, why should I repine?

If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:

And then the like has been, if the decree

Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge.

Madge. A bony story, troth!—but we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

S C E N E III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir WILLIAM fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While SYMON, ROGER, GLAUD and MAUSE,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft BAULDY bluntly plead his cause:
For now 'tis tell'd him that the tawse
Was handled by revengefu' MADGE,
Because he brake good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir Will. And was that all?—Well, *Bauldy*, ye was
serv'd

Nae otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauld. Sir, I confess my faut, thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.

Bauld. An't like your Honour, I believ't it weel,
But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;
Yet with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu'——
And that my *Some-place* finds; but I had best
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the Ghaiſt,
And the young bony Witch, whase rosie cheek
Sent me without my wit the Deel to seek.

Enter

Enter MADGE, PEGGY and JENNY.

Sir William. [*Looking at Peggy.*]

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, *Glaud*? —————

Glaud. ————— Sir, she's my niece, ———
And yet she's not:—But I should had my peace.

Sir Will. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not:—Pray, *Glaud*, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt if I should mak appear }
What I have kept a secret thirteen year. }

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

Sir Will. Speak soon, I'm all impatience! ———

Pat. ————— So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then since my Master orders, I obey.—
This BONY FOUNDLING, ae clear morn of *May*,
Closs by the lee-side of my door, I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make:
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake;
Wha, warse than brutes, could leave, expos'd to air,
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? For she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the Bairny smil'd,
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story, she has past since syne,
As a poor Orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the Wean,
For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye see she's bony, I can swear she's good,
And I'm right sure she's come of gentle blood,

Of

Of whom I kenna.—Naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!—

Pat. ————— The tale delights my ear!

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth
appear.

Maufe. That be my task:—Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile,—thou hast no cause to blush.
Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way;
That I may now *Sir WILLIAM WORTHY* name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim;
He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave—prove what you
say.

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have,
To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Will. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
doubt.

[*Maufe goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Maufe. Sir, view me well, has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
Who nurs'd her mother, that now holds my hand!
And stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha, honest Nurse! where were my eyes
before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more.
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind!

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Yes surely thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail.
But no more words till *Maufe* relate her tale.

Pat.

Pat. Good Nurse, go on, nae musick's haff sae fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife.
The story's long, but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, with avaritious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possesst:
All this to me a Confident confest.

I heard with horror, and with trembling, dread
They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all was sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour the floor I fastly preest,
And staw the sleeping Innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles e're day.
All day I hid me,—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains;
Then fear of being found out, I to secure
My Charge, e'en laid her at this Shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest *Glaud* himsel, and *Symon* may
Remember well, how I, that very day,
Frae *Roger's* father took my little crove.

Glaud. [*With Tears of Joy happing down his Beard.*]

I well remember't: Lord reward your love.
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love, survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my
care,

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,

Equal with *Patrick* ; now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
 My Boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Pat. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir William raises them.] I give you both my blessing,
 may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are compleat,—my joys arise,
 While I'm haf dizzy with the blest surprize:

And am I then a match for my ain Lad,

That for me so much generous kindness had!

Lang may *Sir William* bless these happy plains,

Happy, while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
 We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:

Th' estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
 Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
 That eyes above watch the affairs below.

I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,

And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an estate,

Seem light, when put in ballance with my *Pate*:

For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow,

For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day?

I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.

Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare

A dinner for you, of hale country fare?

See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,

Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you!

Even *Bauldy* the bewitch'd has quite forgot

Fell *Madge's* tawze, and pawky *Mause's* plot.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Kindly old Man,—remain with you this day!

I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and Wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy Gardners shall new planting rear :
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year,
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the King! and save Sir *William*
lang!

T' enjoy their ain, and raise the Shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? Wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bauld. I'm friends with *Mause*,—with very *Madge*
I'm 'greed,

Altho' they skelpit me, when woodly fled.

I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive

To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live!*

Madge *Lang may he live!*—and *Bauldy* learn to fleck

Your gab a-wee, and think before ye speak;

And never ca' her auld that wants a man,

Else ye may yet some Witch's fingers ban.

This day I'll with the youngest o' ye rant,

And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt

Of our young Lady,—my dear bony Bairn!

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—

And my good Nurse, how shall I gratefu' be

For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day

Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir *Will.* To faithful *Symon*, and kind *Glaud*, to you,

And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,

The maillens ye possess, as justly due,

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,

Wha have enough besides, and these can spare.

Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,

With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes.

Omnes. The LORD of Heaven return your Honour's love.

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove!

Patie, [*Presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets e're I was a Laird,
Glaud's daughter *Jennet*, *Jenny*, think nae shame,
Kais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame;
Lang was he dumb, at last he spoke and won,
And hopes to be our honest Uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair.—*Glaud*, let me crave,
That trusty *Roger* may your daughter have,
With frank consent, and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I'll make him Chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir, what can we
say,

But that we're dyvours, that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, with my blessing take.
And still our Master's right your bus'ness make;
Please him, be faithful, and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Nor ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise:
But for my Master, Father, and my Wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And aft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd.
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey,
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

S A N G

SANG XXI. Corn Riggs are bony.

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's comely in his wawking,
 The shining of his een surprize,
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawlk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing since syne,
 O corn rigs are bony.

Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to towzle air or late,
 While corn rigs are bony.

F I N I S

CHAPTER I

The ship was a small one, and the crew was not large. The captain was a man of middle age, and the first mate was a young man. The ship was built for speed, and the crew was well trained. The ship was a schooner, and the crew was well equipped. The ship was a small one, and the crew was not large. The captain was a man of middle age, and the first mate was a young man. The ship was built for speed, and the crew was well trained. The ship was a schooner, and the crew was well equipped.





Ramsay, Allan,

The Gentle Shepherd a Scots Pastoral Comedy

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